MOTHER FEEDS THE CHICKENS.

Awhile before the sun has rose,
'N' father builds the kitchen fire,
Our big black rooster crows 'n' crows,
'Z if his neck would never tire;
'N'en we get up 'n' feed the stock
'N' water Fannie 'n' milk the cows,
'N' fix a gate er broken lock;
'N'en after breakfas' father plows
'N' mother feeds the chickens.

The pancakes Wallie wouldn't eat
'N' cornbread left on Marjorie's plate,
A scrap of toast, a bit of meat,
'N' all the stuff what no one ate,
She puts it in that worn-out tin,
Throws out some grain, 'n' pretty quick
She hollers nearly 's loud 's she kin:
"Come chick! chick! chick! chick! chick! chick! chick—"
So—when she feeds the chickens.

You'd ought ot see old Top-Knot run,
'N' Banty hop—he's hurt one leg—
'N' Plymouth Rock (the bigges' one—
She lays a 'normous monstrus egg)—
'N'en Speckle, with her new-hatched brood,
A-cluckin' to 'em 's hard's she kin,
'N' showin' 'em the nices' food—
She gets it fer 'em out the tin,
'N' pecks the other chickens.

Old Gray, our cat, comes snoopin' roun'
'N' slyly peeks from hind the stoop;
'F any meat's there he is boun'
'T shan't go to the chicken coop,
Now filled with all an owner's pride,
Wee Willie comes with wondering eyes,
That look so brown 'n' bright 'n' wide;
He loves to watch 'em, 'n' he cries:
"Dess see my baby tickens!"

I love to ride the colt a lot
'N' go fer berries to the patch;
I love to see ous dog 'n' Spot
Get in a turble scrappin' match;
'N' tho' it's kind-a quiet fun,
I like it nearly best of all;
That's why I allus cut 'n' run
To see 'em 'f I hear the call:
"Come chick! chick! chick! chick! chick! chick! chick! chick! chick!"—
When mother feeds the chickens.
—Will L. Davis, in Chicago Record.

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

The doctor had come to Windy Gulch, renouncing his profession in favor of mining ventures, which had resulted disastrously so far, but to which he was sticking in a forlorn hope of some day recouping himself for his losses, meanwhile keeping the wolf from the door by falling back upon his legitimate calling. He had nothing of worldly advantage to commend him, but he was a good fellow, and a good-looking one. Any woman might fall in love with such a man; and Dorothy Meredith— Neil laughed, a strange, hysterical outburst, turning away his head. "And I did not even know that you knew her!" he said again. "You never spoke of it before."

"Oh, I met her when she was here," the physician nonchalantly explained, but eying the sick man with furtive intentness. "I did not mention it, I suppose, because you naturally hated the whole outfit so. I felt I could choose more agreeable subjects to talk about."

"Yes, I hated the whole outfit so." And Neil laughed again, that odd, mirthless laugh. "You were so considerate."

"But you are talking too much now, old man," the other observed, repressingly. "I'll be over in the morning and answer your letters; meanwhile you must not let yourself think about business at all. Here comes Mrs. Bowen to turn your pillows and make you comfortable, and you must compose yourself and go to sleep. Good night."

There was a low-voiced conference in the hall between nurse and physician, and then Mrs. Bowen came to the bedside, looking somewhat anxious. "About them oysters," she began, "the doctor says—"

"Oh, hang the oysters!" Neil peevishly ejaculated. "I wish you would go downstairs and get one of the boys to come up and help me dress. I'm going east in a few days, and it's time I was sitting up. It is weakening lying here; I never shall get strong if I don't get a move on me. Go after Murphy, please; he's the man I want."

"But the doctor—" began Mrs. Bowen, looking frightened.

"Oh, I talked it over with the doctor. I told him I was going." Neil laughed, excitedly. "And I am. Nothing on earth shall stop me. Will you go after Murphy now, or must I go myself?"

CHAPTER XIII.

But Harvey did not go east as he had planned.

The very vehemence of his desire to escape an environment he had come to loathe, whipped to a frenzy by the sudden, unreasoning jealousy aroused by the doctor's statement that Dorothy had written to him, defeated itself by its own impetuosity. Thinking it best to humor the sick man's whim, if only to convince him of his weakness, Mrs. Bowen had allowed him to be dressed and to sit up for a little while that evening, with the result that her argument carried beyond her expectations, the over-exertion bringing about a relapse, when, as is usual in such cases, the conditions were far more grave than in the first illness.

Now he was delirious, babbling of his world's fair lady, his Dorothy, his sweetheart, until his voice had grown to be but a husky whisper as he sank down into the very shadows of death, while the doctor, listening, understood, comprehending what mischief he had inadvertently wrought by his half-truth about Dorothy's letter.

It was an amazing revelation to him, a revelation that left him very grave. He had not been a man if he had not perceived that Dorothy Meredith was a rarely beautiful girl, if he had not felt the winning sweetness of her personality. He had enjoyed but a bare speaking acquaintance with her during most of her stay at Windy Gulch; but he had fallen into a habit then of watching to see her come and go as he idled away the hours before his office door, his thoughts lingering about her more than he had perhaps quite realized at the time, and he had eagerly seized upon the opportunity to be of service to her at the time of her father's death. They had parted on the footing of friends as a result of the small favors he had been permitted to render then; and afterward, when of her own sweet will she wrote to him first a little note of thanks and later a letter of inquiry in respect to a work of charity which had occurred to her, only he could ever know what vista of hope had opened before his dazzled imagination. The doctor was man enough to feel that she was a woman whom for herself he might love with all his heart; while he was moreover sufficiently practical not to overlook altogether the wealth which by her father's death had become hers, a consideration delightfully restful to contemplate after the long years of struggle against poverty and disappointment which had been his. And so he had builded his fair air-castle but to see it fall like a house of cards before the sick man's unconscious bombs of truth. But the doctor was a good fellow, and, better still, a good friend; and so he only called himself a fool for his dreams and thanked heaven he had excuse to write a certain letter which he hoped might bear good fruit.

And soon after this Harvey began to dream of seeing Dorothy standing now and then by his bedside, a dream which seemed to fill him with peace more potent for good than all the doctor's medicines—the fancy so possessing his imagination that when one day he awoke, his great, hollow eyes, eagerly searching the room, came back to the doctor's face with a look of helpless disappointment. "I thought she was here," he whispered, weakly. "I have been dreaming."

"Oh, it's all right, old fellow," his friend returned, swallowing something in his throat as he clasped the poor thin fingers in a tremulous grasp of gratulation. It was as by a miracle that poor Neil had been saved. "It's all right. Go to sleep and dream that she is coming by and by." And, faintly smiling, as though he accepted the promise with the simple credulity of a child, Neil closed his eyes obediently and slept again.

He did not speak of the fancy when next he awoke, seeming listlessly to accept the conditions as he found them—the trained nurse, a deft, quiet fellow, who had replaced loquacious Mrs. Bowen, the doctor coming and going, the flowers on the table, the recurrent broth and potions. But in a few days the doctor, sitting by the bedside, cheerily observed: "By the way, you're getting almost strong enough to begin to think about business a bit, aren't you, old man? The terms of compromise between the mines, now—you remember that Miss Meredith's lawyer wrote you about it. Of course you haven't been giving it any thought, but—er—"

"No, I haven't been giving it much thought," the invalid returned, a shade passing across his face. "They must see Bartels, if there is any hurry."

"H'm, yes," the doctor indifferently rejoined. "But—well, you remember my telling you that Miss Meredith had written to ask me about the families of the men who were killed in the mine; she wanted to do something for them."

Neil looked up with a startled expression in his great eyes. "I did not know," he faltered, plucking nervously at the bedclothes. "You said she had written, but—"

"Possibly it did not occur to me to explain," the doctor nonchalantly rejoined, staring hard at something out of the window. "But she wrote to ask about that just at the time of her lawyer's letter suggesting terms of compromise—just before you were taken down with this relapse, owing to your confounded lunacy in rampaging round when you should have been in bed. I dropped a line to the attorney telling him you were beyond business pro tem., and then, as I was answering Miss Meredith's letter, it occurred to me to explain to her as well why her proposition must be laid on the shelf. But her heart seems to have been set on arranging that compromise somehow; when a woman will, she will, you know; and so—well, you recall how Mohammed went to the mountain under the stress of circumstances."

"Do you mean—oh, what do you mean?" gasped Neil, his gaunt features strangely working, his eyes hungrily questioning. "Is she here?—Dorothy?"

"Yes; she is here—with her aunt, a typical society old maid. She will amuse you, that aunt." So the doctor placidly went on, thinking it wise to say no more of Dorothy for the moment. "She is so obviously out of her element here, so uncompromisingly down on the west and all things western. I fancy she leads Miss Dorothy rather a dance with her protests and aristocratic agonies, but—"

"When can I see her?" demanded the sick man, in a tone of breathless pleading. "Will she see me? — will she come?"

"Why, certainly. As I said before, I rather think she has come on purpose to see you, old fellow. And if you feel well enough—though I cannot have you talking business today — but if you would like to see her for a moment—"

"Like to see her! Great heavens, doctor, don't keep me waiting. I have waited so long!"

And a moment later Dorothy was standing by the bedside, her two hands clasped in his, her eyes looking down upon him with such love-light in their soft depths that it seemed to his dazzled vision as though it could not really be—he must still be dreaming.

"It is you, really you?" he incredulously whispered, with trembling touch caressing the little hands as though he would assure himself of their reality. "You, here! Why are you here, Dorothy?"

"The doctor wrote me that you were sick," she faltered, her fingers tightening about his with a sort of shuddering tenderness, as at a remembered terror.

"And you came for that? Dorothy, sweetheart, the last time I saw you you told me that you hated me. It was not true?"

"I think—I think more of you—than I thought I did," she murmured, bending toward him like a wind-blown rose in the shy confession, her eyes downcast, her cheeks aflame.

"Ah, the happy thought! God bless you for it, my sweetheart—mine!" Impossible to convey the gladness, the rapture, of that impassioned whisper, punctuated with soft kisses upon a small pink palm. But he was laughing too for gay amusement at her pretty embarrassment, in such lightness of heart as he had thought he could never know again; and with characteristic impetuosity he would follow up his triumph with the swift demand, merrily mocking her shy hesitancy: "And do you think—do you think enough of me—to marry me—soon, darling? Oh!"—and now the laughter had left his voice, while a glint of sudden tears enforced the impassioned earnestness of the low cry: "I have so hungered, so starved for you, Dorothy!"

But, though he laid bare his heart in that brief pleading, he was for the moment stunned by the swift granting of his prayer. "I will marry you whenever you like, dear," she whispered back, her eyes, alight with a glory of boundless tenderness, resolutely bent to meet the dazed wonder, the rapturous questioning, of his.

It was his look more than his voice that presently spoke in his worshipful "My darling." And then he was silent for awhile, covering impulsively with her dear hands his eyes, from which the glad tears were welling over. "If you were my wife now," he tentatively muttered after a moment. "If I could have you with me all day long—" He broke off with a little sigh, his glance ranging about the small, bare bedroom. "But I could not ask it, sweetheart; of course I could not."

"But if you do not ask it, I don't know how I can say yes to it," Dorothy murmured, drooping toward him in sweet confusion until it needed but the yielding of an inch to answer the pleading of his eyes and lay her hot cheeks against his in soft caressing.

"Dorothy!" It was all he could say, but all his doubt, his eager questioning, his tremulous joy, found expression in the one word.

"You see—" and the girl drew back from him a little, striving to assume a more matter-of-fact air for the explanation which she could hardly yet put into coherent phrase—"auntie—I made her come with me; I could not come alone, you know; and she hates the west so much; it is so hard for her to become reconciled to my staying here—so hard for her to uderstand that I must stay here to be happy." Harvey had not been a lover if he had not interrupted her with a murmur of new love words and more kisses for the lit-

"I think—I think more of you than I thought I did," she murmured.

tle hands. "And she feels it her duty to say so much," went on Dorothy, when she was sure of his calmer attention. "Of course she means it for the best—she cannot understand; but it would be so much better if it were arranged so that she might go back east and leave me. And then—oh, don't you see, dear?"—and again the blushing face bent to hide itself against his cheek—"I want to be with you! I must!"

And so there was a quiet little wedding in that bare hotel chamber one gray November morning, the room made bright with a wealth of the fairest flowers that Denver could contribute, brighter still in Neil's glad eyes for the bride who came to his bedside to be wed, the sweet radiance of her happiness beyond clouding even such gloom as her relative, Miss Van Derlynde, wore for the occasion.

It was a sore trial for that good lady. That a niece of hers, a Van Derlynde on her mother's side, should come to this rude mining camp to marry this common miner—for no explanation could make it clear to her that Harvey Neil was anything else—and that she should wed in this off-hand fashion, was a shock to her aristocratic soul from which she felt that she could never quite recover. Had she been fully cognizant of such awful possibilities, sure it was that she had never been brought to play the part of a chaperone; but now that she was here, powerless to interfere, she submitted herself to the martyrdom of giving away the bride, with a feeling—as she expressed it afterwards in pathetic accounts to all members of the family—as though she were assisting at Dorothy's funeral, her manner throughout wholly in keeping with that idea.

And quite as disapproving, though from a very different standpoint, was Windy Gulch, when its first surprise had subsided to the plane of coherent comment. Public opinion had undergone a change towards Harvey Neil. The time had been when even his best friends would deprecate his attitude toward the Miners' union, so pregnant of trouble, regretting his independence of spirit, his obstinacy of temper; but now no word was heard save in his praise. The Grubstake disaster had made him a hero in their eyes. The way he had worked throughout that awful day, as though with the strength of three, planning, directing everything: the way he had coolly faced the chances of death by going down into the mine alone, when of all those he would succor not one was bound to him by tie or kin, not one but had been his enemy; the way he had afterward come to the relief of the families left in want by the taking off of their bread-winners—these things, for which enthusiasm grew with every reiteration, suggesting a hundred other little happenings which the people were now glad to recall in his favor, all augmented by the sympathy and concern for his long and serious illness, had lifted him to a point in popular favor well-nigh equivalent to canonization. It might have been difficult at just this time for any woman to rise to the camp's ideal of what Harvey Neil's wife should be; and Dorothy Meredith was regretfully regarded as falling a long way short of it.

Everybody was sure she could not be half good enough for him, mainly because she was her father's daughter, the evil that the colonel had done now living after him in the merciless gossip of many tongues. But the camp, through much buffeting of fate, had grown philosophical; and, although it could not altogether approve, it was presently ready to admit that possibly this might be the best way to settle the trouble between the mines, while as to the rest, Mrs. Bowen but summed up the general conclusion when she was inspired to ask: "What's the odds, as long as they're happy?"

THE END.

LONDON IN 1772.

It was Considered a Joke to turn Cattle Into a Ball Room.

Can anyone tell me anything of the city assembly rooms and the assembly rooms "on the Surrey side," i. e., Southwark, about the year 1772? The social side of the city about that time is curiously difficult to get at satisfactorily. For instance, when Catherine Hulton went to London in 1783, being then 27 years of age, she went with a certain Mr. J. Woodhouse and his mother. They called for her at 7:30 in the evening, the gentleman being dressed in a suit of pale-blue French silk, spotted with pink and green, the coat lined with pink silk, his hair in a bag, a white feather in his hat, a sword by his side, and his ruffle and frill of fine point lace. This seems very splendid. At the assembly the men were chiefly in "dress coats"—meaning, probably, of blue or pink silk, like that of Mr. Woodhouse; those who were not wore "cloth coats, trimmed with narrow gold lace, with waistcoats of silver tissue," and the hair "in a queue, with curls flying out on each side of the head."

The other ladies were covered with diamonds. "The subscription to the city assembly is three guineas; there are 200 subscribers and late nights; the subscribers are the first people in the city; the rooms are lighted with wax; the branches for the candles, the urns for the tea and coffee and the baskets for the cakes and macaroons are of silver." I want to know more about this assembly.

As regards the Surrey assembly, all I can tell you about it is that the room was on the ground floor, and that on a certain night—the opening night of the season of 1772 (?)—while the dancing was at its height, some wag threw open the front door and gave admission to a drove of oxen, which began to run about in a most terrifying manner; some of the men drew their swords valiantly; others tumbled down; the ladies fainted and fell over the men; caps, hoops, tippets, handkerchiefs were lying all about the floor. And the oxen bellowed and ran about, threatening with their horns. What would have happened one knows not; but "the sprightly Mrs. Hanniver"—presumably a lady connected with the supper department—"coming from the Lactarium with bub for the gentlemen"—"bub" is defined by Webster as a strong malt drink—snatched from the master of the ceremonies his mopstick—did the M. C. on the Surrey side carry a mopstick as a wand of office?—and with so much spirit belabored the horny tribe that they fled incontinent.

When the company gathered themselves together, and picked up what they could, being horribly disheveled, amid the general wreck—hoops gone, wigs pulled to pieces, headgear destroyed, dresses torn—they proceeded, I suspect, to refresh themselves with the sprightly Mrs. Hanniver's stimulating bub. If anyone will tell me more about this assembly, I shall be grateful. —Sir Walter Besant, in London Queen.

THE SCIENCE OF NUTRITION.

A Great Deal Depends Upon Proper Diet.

That we are in error in our food economy is no longer a vague theme to be scoffed at by the thoughtless, noticed lightly by the reader, and believed in only by the scientist. It is a substantial fact, easily proved to those who would be doubtful. Prof. Atwater, under the direction of the United States agricultural department, has given to the people such data in bulletins showing the result of his investigations that anyone of ordinary intelligence may fully comprehend, so concise and complete are they.

While there is yet much to learn through experimentation, there is at hand sufficient information to enable us to make very important deductions for personal use. We are told by the best authority that we must come to the realization that "not merely our health, our strength and our incomes, but our higher intellectual life, and even our morals, depend upon the care which we take of our bodies, and among the things essential to health and wealth, to right thinking and right living, one, and that not the least important, is our diet." It is our good fortune to have learned this—to be told that the science of food reaches to every point on the line of battle for existence.—M. V. Shaler, in Chautauquan

He Got the Position.

Small boy dashed breathlessly into a merchant's office. "Is the guv'nor in?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Must see him myself; most partickler."

"But you can't; he's engaged."

"Must see him immejit; most partickler."

The boy's importunity got him in.

"Well, boy, what do you want?"

"D'yer want a orffice boy, sir?"

"You impudent young rascal! No! We've got one."

"No, you ain't, sir; he's just bin run over in Cheapside."

Boy engaged.—Tit-Bits.

Her Comment.

"I have noticed," said Willie Wishington, "that a woman always puts the most important part of her letter in the postscript."

"You never do that," said Miss Cayenne.

"Never."

"Well," she went on, thoughtfully, "isn't it better to put the important part of a letter in the postscript than to leave it out altogether?"—Washington Star.

What He Wanted.

"Is there anything in my house you would like to have?" asked the man, as he frowned over the back fence at his next-door neighbor.

"Yes," came from the other side of the fence; "I'd like to have you send the insides of that piano your daughter bangs on, out to my barn."—Yonkers Statesman.

Youthful Facetiousness.

"When you have a sore tooth you go to the dentist and he pulls it, don't he?"

"Yes, my son."

"Now that you've got a sore leg if you go to the doctor will he pull it?"

(With deep feeling) "Yes, my son." —Brooklyn Life.

An Official's Wrath.

First Citizen—What's the alderman so mad about?

Second Citizen—A boodle scheme was pushed through while he was absent.

"I see. Mad because the taxpayers are going to be robbed."

"No. Mad because he missed a divvy." —N. Y. Weekly.

The Only Way.

"No," said the business-like young woman, "I don't read anything that author writes."

"Perhaps if you were to get better acquainted with him he would interest you."

"I don't think so. There is only one way that I can imagine his interesting me in what he wrote."

"You mean he'd have to change his style."

"No. He'd have to become secretary of a company in which I held stock and declare a dividend."—Washington Star.

His Exceptional Luck.

"I have read repeatedly," said the sad-eyed young man, "never to ask a young lady's permission when you wished to kiss her."

"Well, I hope you didn't," said his friend.

"No, I didn't; but the young lady, I think, does not read the papers."—Puck.

They Would Kick.

He—I am opposed to women being allowed to vote.

She—What is your objection?

He—If they are allowed to vote they will all be practically ballot girls, and what few there are of them now make trouble enough in the world as it is.—Tammany Times.

A Roland.

The Editor—I regret that your manuscript, though good, is not available at the present time.

Scribbler—Ah, then may I presume to hope that your esteemed periodical will some day improve to such a degree as to be worthy of my contributions?—Yellow Book.

Height of Impropriety.

"Do you know," said the girl in blue, "while we were sitting in the hammock, and just as I thought he was about to propose, a garter snake suddenly appeared."

"How indelicate!" returned the girl in pink.—Chicago Post.

A Critical Opinion.

Jinks—That young lady may be a fine pianist, as you say, but there is no warmth to her touch.

Blinks—I guess you didn't hear her play the Moonlight symphony.

Jinks—No; but I squeezed her hand. —N. Y. Weekly.

IF UNCLE SAM SHOULD CONCLUDE TO ANNEX GREENLAND.

Such Is Fame.

"Do you consider Meeker a self-made man?"

"No; I think he was made to order."

"Why so?"

"Well, judging from the way his wife orders him around he must have been made for that purpose."—Chicago News.

Of Course She Would Suffer.

"If you don't like to hear me talk," she demanded, "why didn't you marry a mute?"

"A woman who is physically unable to talk at all!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm too tender-hearted. I can't endure the sight of suffering."—Chicago Post.

An Eye to Economy.

Mr. Trivvet—Why did your wife get a wheel; she was so much opposed to bicycling last year?

Mr. Dicer—She found a bicycle belt on the street, and her economical instinct would not permit her to let it go to waste.—N. Y. Journal.

Handicapped.

"That man," remarked an admiring friend, "has the faculty of saying clearly in a few words what others would require pages to express."

"Too bad!" said Senator Sorghum. "He'll never get along in politics; not unless he learns to filibuster better than that."—Washington Star.

Restitution.

Miss Keedick—I read about a lady suing a man for $500 for a kiss he had stolen from her.

Miss Kittish—But I suppose she would have been willing to withdraw the suit if he would return the kiss.—Up-to-Date.

A Double Robbery.

Midnight Burglar—Fork out every farthing you've got or I'll—

Jones (half awake)—Look here, Maria, this is coming it too strong. Didn't I give you all I had when I came home? —Judy.

Those Dear Girls.

Madge—When we were driving in the park to-day we were the cynosure of all eyes.

Marjorie—Oh, so you had that pretty southern girl with you.—N. Y. Journal.

Merely a Feeler.

The Baron—Did her father acquire his money honestly?

Penelope—Oh, yes. (Sarcastically) If he did not I suppose you would not marry her.

The Baron—Not at all. If he acquired it dishonestly he would probably be too clever to give any of it up.—N. Y. Times.

Good Advice.

Life's troubles are many, its joys are few,
Yet will we not train with the doleful crew;
To double each pleasure and rout each pang,
Just pluck every rose and let thorns go hang.
—Detroit Free Press.

Her Opinion.

"One of the greatest evils in life," said the elderly woman, "is procrastination."

"I think so, too," replied the young married woman. "I don't see the sense of putting off your golden wedding anniversary till you are 60 or 70 years old." —Washington Star.

Well Balanced.

"Yes, Miss Howjames is a wonderfully intellectual young woman, but she has developed her brain at the expense of her poor little body. To me she seems top-heavy."

"Top-heavy? Then you have never seen her feet."—Chicago Tribune.

Ready Made.

"Bilger says no woman could make a fool of him."

"Well, then, he's right."

"Right?"

"Yes, she'd be too late." — Chicago Journal.

A Deduction.

Teacher—What is a rumor?

Pupil—A ship.

Teacher—What makes you say that?

Pupil—Because I always hear of rumors being afloat.—Judy.

Doubtful.

Charlie Bragg—Yes, Miss Brightly, is costs me $10,000 a year to live.

Miss Brightly—Or, Mr. Bragg! do you think it's worth it?—N. Y. Truth.

Just the Girl He Wanted.

He—Can you cook?

She—I'm sorry to say that I can't.

He—Will you be my wife?—N. Y. Journal.